

givin' over by AllisonDiamond (orphan_account)

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Summary:

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Steve pushes his hands down his pockets, and strolls over to Billy. "I never said you were, asshole," he says, letting out a humorless laugh. "Max's worried about you."

Billy turns around, chuckling darkly. "Right. 'Cause I'm her favorite person. She doesn't give a shit what happens to me. And I don't blame her. I'm an 'A' grade asshole." He takes the cigarette out of his mouth with shaking hands.

Steve looks at him, eyes dark and cold, head titled back. "It takes you almost dying to figure all that out?"

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"I guess it *did*!" Billy says, eyes wild and crazy but hidden behind that craziness, Steve *could* the vulnerabilities, and it almost makes his heart jump in his chest, but he doesn't let it.

"Look, Billy, you aren't my favorite person. You've done a lot of shitty things. You've hurt *Max* and that doesn't sit right with me. If it were up to me, I'd have your ass locked up," he says snidely. "But that *doesn't* matter right now. You went through things that no one should go through. And you can't just bury those things with gettin' high and fuckin'. You need to talk 'bout it."

Talk about it?!" Billy laughs. "Oh, *King Steve*, do you want me to give you my dark, blackened heart? Do you want to fix it? Make it better? Well, fuck you 'cause I ain't some broken doll, and I sure as hell, *can't* be fixed. Alcohol and drugs — those things hold the key to survival. So, scamp and take your pretty ass out of here," he gestures, holding Steve's eyes.

"You think my ass is pretty?" Steve raises an eyebrow and smirks.

Billy shakes his head.

“Billy,” Steve says, moving closer to him, taking Billy’s rough, damaged hands in his, “I don’t want to coddle you. I’m not *here* ‘cause you’re a lost cause, and I want to rub that in your face. I’m here ‘cause I understand what you went through. I’ve been through what you went through. So *please*, shithead, let me help you.”

Billy goes lax in his hold. “You *know* shit. You don’t know what they did to me!” He shivers, hating how exposed his skin is now to to even the warmest weather. He wants to pull his jacket over his head and walk away for good.

“Maybe. I do understand, though,” Steve points out, a faint smile brushing over his lips. “I *understand* the pain and confusion.”

Billy chuckles. “You’re...you *still* have your good looks. Your beautiful bright eyes. Your prefect chiseled jaw. Your lustful mouth. And what I do have? I’ve a *burned* body and an equally shitty face. The bitches don’t want you. No one would even look at me! My old man wants me gone. The school wants me out. I’ve *nowhere* to turn, to go. So leave me with my shitty existence!”

Steve squeezes Billy’s hands in reassurance. “Your ‘good looks’ *made* you a shitty person. Count this as a blessing. You’ve become a better person ‘cause they take everything away from you.”

“Hah, yeah, I’m *a* damn angel now.” He blows a low whistle. “Guess I’ll do *what* angels do: taint my soul and fly away.”

Steve laughs. “Hell, you should, but you *can’t*. You have to deal with this just like anybody,” he lets out. “But you *don’t* have to deal with it yourself. You’ve friends.”

Billy quirks an eyebrow. “Friends? I’ve *none* of those. Are you offerin’ to be my friend? I’m *flattered* — let me flutter my lashes and wets my lips for you.”

“I’m serious, asshole. You *don’t* have to deal with any of this by yourself. You can talk to Max, or me, or hell, even *Jonathan or Nancy*. I doubt they will want to let you into their lives, but point is, you’ve people who are willin’ to help you *regardless* of the fact of what a gigantic ass you are.”

"I'm honored, Harrington, to be given such a prestigious award." He laughs. "But a shitty asshole such as myself *can't* accept your dumb offer."

Steve shakes his head. "Of course. Still wear that damn pride 'round your neck like a trophy?"

"It ain't like I got anything else, so please, take my damn, useless pride away. I hand it over to you on a silver platter."

"Billy." Steve sighs. "C'mon, you *can't* stay out here. You will freeze your ass off—" The "in your condition" never leaves his lips.

"Maybe freezing my ass off is what I need," he puts out, thin lines appearing over his face, adding years to him.

"And you will do that on some other day. Not right now. I've a reputation to uphold. I can't go back to Max, and tell her I *let* her dumbass, piece of shit brother freeze to his death. You understand that, don't you?"

"Nah. Never had to please anyone. I *ain't* gonna ever adopt a bunch of whiny little brats like you."

"You say that now. Wait 'till you meet my children. You're gonna change my mind."

Billy smiles.

"So, you gonna come in, and not freeze your ass off?" Steve gestures to the house in the far distance.

"Aye." He looks at Steve and runs his tongue over his teeth. "What do I have in return?"

"You want something in return for savin' your damn life? You're askin' too much from the king." Steve laughs. "How 'bout a kiss?" he offers innocently enough, fluttering his lashes, bringing Billy's hands to his chest.

"A kiss?"

“Not gonna say you aren’t a fag and shit on me?” Steve questions.

“You want me to throw a damn fit over your sweet offer?”

“Nah, but if you want to, you can try to. I *won’t* go down without beatin’ your ass black and blue.”

“Hah. A pretty boy like you can *do* shit.” Billy bites his lower lip and eyes Steve. “A kiss, you say? What kind of kiss are you offerin’?”

“Ah, you’re interested. Nothing too *naughty*. Just a kiss on the hands.”

“You have to do better than that, Harrington.”

“Alright. A kiss on the cheeks and that’s my final offer.”

Billy seems to think it over. “I can make do with that.”

“Alrighty then. So, wanna head in now?”

Billy shoots him a look. “You promise me a kiss, *Steve*, and I ain’t headin’ till I get that kiss.”

“Damn. Me and my damn big mouth.” Steve feigns 'fake' disgust.

“You’re *overly* dramatic.”

Steve drops Billy’s hands, pulls him in closer until their chests touch. Billy hisses at the contact.

“You alright?”

“Yeah, I’m *fine* as shit.”

“Geez, no need to be such an ass.”

“I’m a grade “A” asshole.”

“Fine,” Steve mutters, lowering Billy’s face to his, caressing it softly before he crashes his lips against Billy’s.

Billy gives out a yelp. “Harrin—”

“Shoo.” Steve silences him and presses him up against the hood of his car, trailing his hands under Billy shirt, tweaking at his nipples, and then continues kissing him till Billy’s lips are red and bruised.

Billy goes *lax* and lets Steve take complete control over him.